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AN

ENCOMIUM

On the REVEREND and VALIANT

Mr. George Walker.

10. Sept: 1689:

THOU glorious Guide in Honour's rougheſt wayes,
Whoſe vaſt Deſerts exceeds our greateſt Praiſe;
Whilſt clamorous throngs of the admiring Croud,
Their Joy, and thy Deſerts proclaim aloud;
Whilſt ſucking Babes are taught to liſp thy Name,
Permit I Eccho the loud Voice of Fame;
Whoſe Golden Wings ſhall bear thy Name on high,
And mounting Plumes ſhall beat the diſtant Skye.
The Conſtant, Valiant, Loyal *Walker's* Name,
His Countrey's glory, but the Rebels ſhame:
The glorious Trophies of his Loyal Sword,
Immortal Annals ever ſhall record;
Succeſſive times ſhall long with wonder hear,
Love and admire, and hold his memory dear:
Propoſe his Pattern as the utmoſt bound
Virtue can reach, or may in Man be found:
The *Roman* Valour muſt by his decline,
Which like the Sun does leſſer Starrs outſhine.
Virtue in him exalted does appear,
Secure by being Good, free both from Guilt and Fear;
Who bravely for his dear Religion ſtood,
The Kingdoms glory, and the Nations good:
The Gown-mens Mirrour when he ſpeaks the Word,
The Soldiers Pattern when he takes the Sword.
When Popiſh Legions cloſe Beſieg'd the Town,
And proudly bragg'd, Their Lives and all's our own;
The thoughts but on his Dangers chills my Blood,
I ſhake to think how he undaunted ſtood;
And Deaths grim Terrors at his awful ſight,
Grown fearful to his numerous Foes, took flight;
Like as a Fire ſuppreſt in hollow Cave,
Diſdains its Priſon, and doth murmuring rave;

At laſt breaks forth, mounts to its native ſeat,
Devouring all with flames and rapid heat:
So mighty *Walker* ſally'd on his Foes;
Still crown'd with Victory whenſoe're he goes;
With few and weak, whole Legions put to flight,
Honour by greateſt Dangers ſhows moſt bright.
His noble Mind exil'd all ſordid Fear,
A Soul ſo great and brave could not deſpair.
As when a troop of thrifty Swains cut down
With Sythes Earth's ripn'd Riches from the ground,
Whole ſheaves of Corn lye ſtrew'd upon the Plain,
So by his Arms were *Iriſh* Rebels ſlain;
Yet than all theſe an Enemy more fell,
Within the City Walls did Famine dwell:
Famine that never ſhuns the woiſt of Meat,
Famine that never did a Parlee beat,
Famine that never ſounded a retreat;
Famine, by which their Brave and Valiant dy'd,
This they encountred, and its power defy'd.
He when the ghaſtly Emperour of Graves
(Which braveſt Men of all their force bereaves)
Star'd in his Face, loud threatning all to kill,
No fear of Death could force him to do ill:
He knew the Quarrel happy was, and good,
For Countreys Cauſe to ſpend his deareſt Blood.
Like *Staremberg* that bravely did ſupport
By his great Fortitude the Imperial Court;
So Reverend *Walker* for three Nations good,
'Gainſt Number, Sickneſs, Death and Famine ſtood;
No Dangers or Rewards could make him yield,
Faithful i'th' Town, and Valiant in the Field:
Fame, Queen of Immortality, ſhall give
Him *Balm* when dead, and *Honour* whilſt alive.

May from his Lips, Juſt, Loyal Sermons flow,
Whilſt laurel'd Miters court his Reverend Brow.
Danger hath Honour, great Deſigns their Fame,
And Reſolution's Honours fareſt aim.
Let all brave Souls ſo venture for the Prize,
They make their Fortune that are Stout *and* Wiſe.

LICENSED, *September* 6. 1689. *J. Fraſier.*

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